THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXV. | MAY, 1874. | NEW SERIES. VOL. III. No. 5.

THE OSTRICH.

THE OSTRICH.

THE African ostrich is the largest of birds. Its body reaches four or five feet from the ground, and its long neck carries up its head three feet higher. A man of ordinary size, standing beside a large ostrich, would find that with all his stretching he could not reach as high as its head.

The ostrich has wings, but it cannot fly. It is too heavy a bird. It would take very large wings, and they would have to be worked with very powerful muscles, to sustain a hundred pounds in the air. The ostrich sometimes weighs three hundred pounds. The wings are, however, of great assistance in producing rapid movement. Ordinarily, in walking about, the ostrich will step about two feet at one stride; but, when in flight, it will by the aid of its wings make strides of a dozen feet. Its speed then is from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, out-distancing its fleetest pursuers. Huntsmen succeed in capturing the ostrich by strategy, or by taking advantage of its well-known habits.

The color of the feathers of the male bird is black, of the female a brownish gray; excepting that the plume feathers of the wings, in both cases, are white. The chief value of the ostrich to the huntsman is in these white feathers. About twenty-five of them are obtained from each bird. These are always valuable; but their value is greater at some periods than at others, on account of the demands of fashion.

Among the Arabs the ostrich bears the name of the "camel-bird." It seems strange that a bird should thus be named; but notwithstanding the great difference between birds and quadrupeds, there are many points of resemblance between the camel and the ostrich. There is a resemblance in the legs and feet, in the manner of carrying the head. The ostrich so seldom requires water, that some travellers have mistakenly said that it never drinks.

This bird likes an open country, and makes its home in the great African plains. It can lift its head so high, and has such keen eyesight, that it descries danger when it is far off. Its only weapons of defence when attacked are its legs and feet. It kicks with such force as to kill quite powerful animals. It is, however, a very timid bird, and seeks its safety in flight.

The ostrich hollows out a place in the sand five or six feet wide for its eggs. A number of birds sometimes lay their eggs in the same nest. An ostrich egg weighs about three pounds, or about the same as two dozen hen's eggs. One, therefore, will make a very substantial meal. The shell of the egg is very hard, and is used by the natives for various domestic purposes.

Not all the stories told about the ostrich can be verified. In some respects it does seem to be rather stupid; but in others it shows skill in eluding its enemies. The story that it hides its head under the grass and leaves, and thinks itself safe, is a pure invention, and is a libel upon its character; so also is the assertion that it does not care for its young.

The newly hatched ostriches are as large as pullets. They soon get so that they can run with great swiftness. But till they are able to take care of themselves, the female ostrich is assiduous in her care, and even the male ostrich comes to her assistance.

There is one stupid thing about an ostrich. When it has started in any direction to escape danger, it does not change its direction even though running right into danger; but only increases its speed. Now, boys and girls always know enough when they are going wrong to turn about and go right.

Here is what we find in the Book of Job,

chap. xxxix. 13–18, about the ostrich, as Professor Noyes has translated it: —

"The wing of the ostrich moveth joyfully:
Hath she not the wings and feathers of the stork?
Yet she layeth her eggs on the ground,
She warmeth them in the dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
And that the wild beast may break them.
She is cruel to her young, as if they were not hers;
Her labor is in vain, yet she feareth not;
Because God has denied her wisdom,
And hath not given her understanding.
Yet, when she lifteth herself up,
She laugheth at the horse and his rider."

For The Dayspring.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

I'm tired of this crowded city,
And wish I were back on the shore,
To play with the sand and pebbles,
And hear the ocean roar;
For we were all so happy,
Before that sad, sad day
When father bade us his last good-by,
And sailed in his boat away.

It should be his last voyage, he said,
He never would go again;
For mother was always afraid of the sea, —
The cruel, dangerous main.
But he bade her think of the ocean
As the Father's loving arm,
Where he, in his little fishing-boat,
Was sheltered from all harm.
And he bade her, if the wind were wild,
And she heard the surge of the sea,
To make me sing his favorite hymn, —
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Oh! I clung to his neck so tightly,
But never a word could I speak, —
I felt his heart beat quickly,
And saw a tear on his cheek;
And mother's breast was heaving,
I saw her eye grow dim.
He told me to love little Jamie,
And be a good sister to him.

But Jamie laughed and shouted
And played with father's hand;
He was only a baby, our Jamie,
Too little to understand.

The first days of father's absence, —
Oh! they went so slowly by,
But at last for his home-coming
The time was drawing nigh;
And never a single moment
Was passed by mother and me,
But one of us was watching
At the window that looks on the sea.

But our eyes were never brightened
By the sight of father's sail,
And mother looked sad and anxious,
And her cheek grew thin and pale.
'Till one day we were walking
And watching on the shore,
Something was tossed upon the beach
By the tide, — it was father's oar.
God had sent us word — 'twas easy to read —
That he would come home no more.

But I try to think of him always
At rest in God's loving arm,
Safe from all earthly danger,
Where no wave nor gale can harm;
Safe from all earthly danger,
Where trouble and sorrow are o'er,
Waiting for mother and Jamie
And me, on the Beautiful Shore.

H. T.

In a Sabbath-school class, in which the lesson touched upon the promise of Herod to the daughter of Herodias, the teacher asked whether it was true that Herod was *obliged* to keep his vow, when it would lead to the beheading of John the Baptist. "I guess if she had asked for *his own head*, Herod would not have felt himself obliged to keep it," replied a bright boy of ten or twelve.

"You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading; but thought is the winnowing machine."

For The Dayspring.

ANCIENT ENGLISH ABBEYS AND CASTLES.

No. VI.

CANTERBURY.

THE capital of Kent, the south-eastern county of England, is situated on the river Stour, which empties into the Thames, and is fifty-six miles east of London. It was founded before the Christian era.

Ethelbert, the Saxon King of Kent, had his palace in this city, residing here with his queen, Bertha, who was a Christian.

In A.D. 596, Pope Gregory I. sent forty Benedictine monks, with Austin or Augustin at their head, to Ethelbert, for the purpose of converting the king to Christianity from paganism.

They were so successful that, the following year, Augustin baptized not only Ethelbert, but also ten thousand of his Anglo-Saxon subjects.

In consequence of this mission, Canterbury acquired the honor of being the metropolitan see of all England.

Ethelbert now granted his palace at Canterbury to the monks for a monastery, and he retired to another palace.

He also granted to Augustin land near the city of Canterbury, whereon to build an Abbey, adjoining which the king erected the Church of the Blessed Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul. Nearly three hundred years after, in 978, the name of St. Augustin was added to those of the Apostles.

This Abbey was called

ST. AUGUSTIN'S ABBEY.

King Ethelbert and his Queen Bertha, most of the succeeding kings of Kent, St. Augustin and many of the Archbishops of Canterbury, were buried in this Abbey.

After the dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII., St. Augustin's Abbey was converted into a palace; and here Queen Elizabeth kept her court in 1573. It afterwards became private property.

The Abbey and its precincts occupied sixteen acres of ground, which were enclosed by a wall. The fine gateway which formed the chief entrance is a very elegant specimen of ancient architecture, and is now almost the only remains of this once celebrated Abbey.

In the city of Canterbury there was a *church* which had been built by the ancient Roman Christians, but was used by the Kentish kings for pagan worship.

This church St. Augustin reconsecrated, and it is the site of the present

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

A *cathedral* is the principal church in a diocese, and is so called because in it the Bishop has his official chair, a *cathedra* being a chair or seat of a person in authority.

Canterbury Cathedral is spacious and magnificent, built in the form of a double cross. The choir is reached from the nave by a flight of steps, and back of the choir other steps lead to St. Thomas à Becket's Chapel. From this Chapel a fine view of the length of the Cathedral can be obtained, it being 514 feet long.

The great tower is 235 feet high, and there are two other towers very graceful and artistic.

This Cathedral was dedicated by St. Augustin about A.D. 600; and for three hundred years it increased in riches. It was nearly laid in ruins at the time of the invasion of the Danes. It was repaired, but again partly burned by the Danes about

one hundred years afterwards, in 1011. After the Norman conquest, it was rebuilt, and its riches were restored to it by William the Conqueror. It was again partially burned, but repaired by Henry I.

The stained glass windows were remarkably rich in colors, but most of them were destroyed in Cromwell's time: some, however, are preserved, and show what their beauty was.

This Cathedral was distinguished for the festivals celebrated in memory of St. Thomas à Becket.

Thomas à Becket was born in London, in 1119. His father was a merchant, who went on one of the Crusades, was taken prisoner, and confined in Jerusalem. Here a Saracen lady kindly tended him during a sickness, and when he was ransomed accompanied him to London and married him.

The son received a fine education, and was sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to Italy to study law. Here he showed such skill in political negotiations with the Pope that he gained the favor of King Henry II.; and on his return to England was made Archdeacon of Canterbury, and afterwards Lord High Chancellor, the highest judicial officer of the crown, the keeper of the royal Great Seals, and the first lay person of the state after the blood royal.

Becket was also preceptor of the young prince Henry.

At the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Henry made his favorite, Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, and thus the chief ecclesiastic of all England.

The pomp of Becket's retinue, the laying of his table, and the sumptuousness of his furniture had exceeded any thing before known in England. The floors of his apartments were *every day* in winter covered with *clean hay* or *straw*, and in summer with *green rushes* or *boughs*, lest the gentlemen, who by reason of their great numbers could not obtain a *seat* at table, should soil their clothes by sitting on a dirty floor!

His way of life was gay; and at one time for forty days he entertained one thousand two hundred knights, and four thousand of their train.

But when made Archbishop he totally altered his demeanor; in his own person affecting the greatest austerity, wearing sackcloth next the skin; making his diet of bread, and water in which was steeped bitter herbs; and daily washing the feet of thirteen loathsome beggars; thus impressing all who saw him with his great piety and humility.

The struggle had already commenced in England between the rights of the laity and the erroneous power of the Catholic Church; but the Archbishop was unwilling to accede to any demands. Finding he was consequently the object of the king's displeasure, he escaped to Flanders, remaining years in exile. But, after a reconciliation to the king, he returned to England and was restored to his See. Refusing to grant some favor that the king demanded, pretending that the Pope alone could grant it, Henry greatly exasperated exclaimed: "What an unhappy prince am I, who have not about me men of spirit to rid me of one single insolent prelate, the perpetual trouble of my life!"

Four barons immediately laid their plans, and, proceeding to Canterbury, again formally demanded the king's suit to be granted. On being refused, they rushed into the Cathedral where the Archbishop was at vespers, and assassinated him in front of the High Altar. He was buried in the Cathedral.

Two years after this event, the Archbishop was canonized; and many miracles were believed to be performed at the tomb of *Saint* Thomas à Becket. His shrine was encircled with presents from all parts of Christendom, he being regarded as having

sacrificed his life for the power and privileges of the Church and clergy.

In the reign of Henry III., the body was taken up and placed in a magnificent shrine in the new Chapel, behind the choir. This shrine was of stone excepting the top, which was covered with plates of gold set with the most precious jewels. Pilgrims came every year in great numbers, oft-times *one thousand a day*, to obtain the intercession of this holy Saint Thomas with Heaven, ascending the steps to the shrine on their bare knees.

But about three hundred years after Henry VIII. seized all these treasures for the Crown, and ordered the bones of the Saint to be burned and the ashes scattered to the winds. MAUD RIBBERFORD.

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER V. — *Our Nursery.*

IT opened out of the play-chamber; and we liked it almost as well. Luckily, it was a good-sized room, for there was a deal of furniture and many persons to go into it. There was a high fender, to save us from falling against the fire; a bureau, in one of whose squeaking drawers we folded our dolls' clothes; a double-bed, a trundle-bed, the nurse's bed, and the cradle, besides our small chairs, with bunches of grapes painted on the back.

I believe there never was a girl without a real or a make-believe doll. It is mentioned in a very ancient book that the author's little daughter had one. If a girl cannot get a real doll, she will make one out of a billet of wood or a squash, just as a boy uses a chair for a horse.

Miriam and I fairly loved our dollies. We were very tender over them, lavishing as much care as the nurse on the baby. They cried and laughed with the baby. They had the most frightful diseases and some imaginary ones; for when the mumps were about we tied up *their* faces, as well as our own, and went to school, till the scholars and school-ma'am laughed us out of our fears.

These, I believe, were our shawl dolls; of which, strange to say, we were more fond than of our wax ones, whose eyes opened and shut, who were dressed in silk, and whose hair curled in tight rings. Indeed, we cared more for the shawl dolls than for my mammoth London doll, whose big eye was lost in Federal Street gutter, and never found, though I sought for it carefully. Pigs then ran about the streets as comfortably as could be, and if one crunched my doll's eye, I think he must have cried out, "My eye! Betty Martin, what was that?"

Our dolls' bedstead, that we used to cord and uncord with such interested faces, rests now in the dusty eaves; our cracked milk-pitcher on an upper shelf, its weeping willows seeming to mourn for its idleness; our nursery-table no longer echoes with drumming knives, impatient for the meat carefully cut up by our kind father, while his own dinner cooled.

Perhaps you have a Robinson Crusoe paper on your nursery wall; but I doubt if you have so amusing a bed-quilt as ours. It was blue and white copperplate, stamped with forts, vessels, hills, sun's rays, castles, paroquets, pillars, cows, grapes, goblets, trees, vases, arches; naked babies, astride of crocodiles; boys, with wreaths round head and waist, guiding tigers, ear in one hand, reins in the other; and small shepherds, playing on flutes; while miniature milkmaids danced on the grass, with joyful hands in the air. It was like a huge cotton picture-book spread to view.

In the wooden rocking-chair, which went with a thud, Totty had a fit from eating ham,

almost another from swallowing cologne, and rocked over in my arms, without getting hurt.

I could not forgive myself when in a frolic, to see which could dress first, I accidentally pushed Anita against Totty, who, the fender being away, fell against the fire, burning her tender little arm.

How, in the winter twilights, when the yard grew dark, did we gather around Toto's knees, to hear the well-known fairy tales, that could not be told too often. How shudderingly I followed Beauty into the wood to find poor Beast, and lay her hand on his cold heart; or looked with horror on the naughty girl, who could not speak without toads and reptiles issuing from her mouth. How I pitied the misers, sleeping under rags, perishing with cold, starving on mouldy crusts, while hiding and hugging bags of gold!

How sorrowful were we over Toto's forefinger stiffened by breaking glass into it. How we wondered to see her sew, wash, iron, and tend baby. With what tender respect we thought of her when told that the tired arm did not forget to rock the cradle even in sleep.

It was a dark day when she left us for good, to take care of her brother, Farmer Goodnow's children. We got her back, at least for a visit, again and again. The joy of seeing her with her big two-covered basket and her handsome striped stuff gown! Then, mother could go to grandmother's in peace. Toto would make us one of her bannocks, brown with molasses, bake it on a barrel cover in front of the fire, and help us eat it off the Pembroke table.

Our love for her ought to have made us kind to her successors in the nursery, Olive Wood, Sally Mason, and Ruth Tremerza; but we often forgot to be civil to them: and as for tall, thin, stone-deaf Miss Johnson (once genteel in Newburyport), we plagued the very life out of her.

Totty was as unwilling to go to sleep as I had been. Miss Johnson would sing to her, rock her, and at last the wakeful eyes closed. Then, when the weary woman was about to seek in the kitchen a lively cup of tea (not one that had *mulled*), we torments would wake the baby by a noise Miss Johnson could not hear, just for the malicious pleasure of having her call us, "Vipers! Bedlamites! Sanopes!"

I loved, and had reason to love, Toto with my whole heart. She stood up for me through thick and thin; was very much put out when ladies in the street said Miriam was the prettiest; and excused me when I ate as heartily, read as delightedly, and hurried to school, just as if my father and Miriam were not at the point of death with scarlet fever.

Certainly, Miriam, thoughtful from constant ill-health, would have grieved if I had been in like danger. While I, absent-minded, absorbed in a story-book, curled in a sofa corner, amidst the din of the play-chamber, or stretched on the hearth-rug, noticed nothing, till startled by the impatient cry, "Lucilla, where are your wits? gone woolgathering? Get up! you 'll burn your brains out."

TRUTH. — "It is not enough that we swallow truth; we must feed upon it, as insects do on the leaf, till the whole heart be colored by its qualities, and shows its food in every fibre."

THE happiness of the tender heart is increased by what it can take away from the wretchedness of others.

THE wealth which you give away will ever be your own.

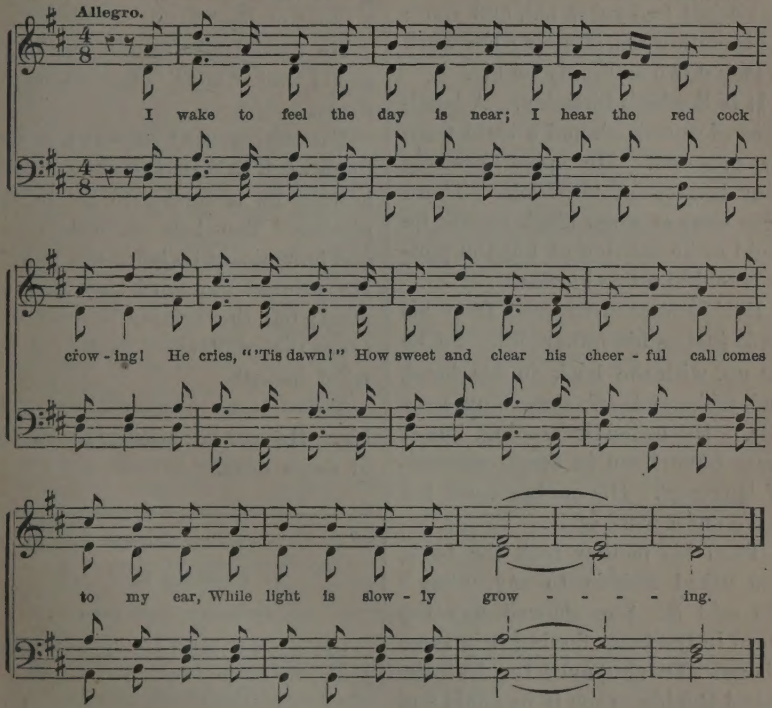
FAITH in our ability is half of every battle.

AN evil deed is better left undone.

LITTLE ROBBIE.

CHANTICLEER.

Words by CELIA THAXTER, in "St. Nicholas." CHARLES BARNARD.


Allegro.
I wake to feel the day is near; I hear the red cock
crow-ing! He cries, "'Tis dawn!" How sweet and clear his cheer-ful call comes
to my ear, While light is slow-ly grow - - - - ing.

The white snow gathers, flake on flake;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Is anybody else awake
To see the winter morning break,
While thick and fast 'tis snowing?

I think the world is all asleep:
I hear the red cock crowing!
Out of the frosty pane I peep;
The drifts are piled so wide and deep,
And wild the wind is blowing!

Nothing I see has shape or form;
I hear the red cock crowing!
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
As if the sky were glowing!

A happy little child, I lie
And hear the red cock crowing.
The day is dark. I wonder why
His voice rings out so brave and high,
With gladness overflowing.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by CHARLES BARNARD, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

LITTLE ROBBIE.

THERE he is in the picture, a little fellow just two years old, and there is his mother too, stopping her work to look down smilingly on his.

It is Robbie's birthday. A handsome picture-book and a slate were his presents. He spent a whole hour looking at his book. There were rows of great black letters he could make nothing of, but the pictures told him fine stories.

Robbie wanted to read from his book just as his father did. So he sat up, with the book in his hand, and jabberred off something very fast. He called it reading, but it must have been in some unheard-of language. His mother could not make out a word of it.

Then his mother took the book, and asked Robbie to say "boy." He said it. She showed him the word in the book, finding it in three places. Turning over the leaf, she asked Robbie to see if he could find "boy" on that page.

Robbie moved his little finger along the lines till he came to a word he thought was "boy." But it was "box." His mother praised him for being so near right, and had him notice the two words "boy" and "box."

Robbie tried again; and, about half-way down the page, the little finger pointed right at the word "boy," and no mistake. He got a good hug and a kiss, and there was a shout of joy!

He looked all through his book, and found "boy" ever so many times.

His mother next showed him how to print BOY on the slate. That is what he is trying to do in the picture. See how earnest he is, and how nicely he holds his pencil! He printed the word very well indeed; but the printer has not any types that will show just how the word looked.

There is no mistake about Robbie. He will be writing books one of these days.

For The Dayspring.

EMMA'S CAT.

BY CORA D. NICKERSON.

"EMMA, I wouldn't pull Tabby's tail so hard. By and by, she'll scratch you, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Vining to a sunny-haired little girl who was sitting on the hearth-rug beside a handsome brindled cat.

She lay with her broad soft paws stretched toward the warm fire in the grate. They made a nice soft cushion for her nose and whiskers, with the lazy winking eyes above them.

You see our Miss Tabby had been lying there for a long time, snoozing away as if trying to make herself believe there wasn't a mouse living, when the crafty thing had got herself chilled through and through

standing over the grain-bin waiting in vain for one.

But all she could hear was his provoking nibble, nibble; so after waiting till her toes were cold and aching, she turned away with her tail held very high in the air, as much as to say, —

"There, nibble away, you long-tailed thief. I haven't a doubt but you're gnawing a hole through the bin and letting master's corn down into your little dark home below it. I wouldn't treat him so meanly, — *I* wouldn't."

Tabby forgot how she must appear to this little mousie. Here she was all nicely fed and warmed, and little mousie only had what he got with his sharp teeth and bright wit. She could afford to sit on the top of the corn-bin and preach, could she not? I guess she thought so too, for she sort of lingered by the bin, and, licking her jaws, shook her head rather wickedly, as if saying, —

"You just wait till there are some little mice in your home next summer. I can catch them easy enough, for I notice young folks are apt to be pretty careless in the same places where old folks think they must keep a sharp eye ahead. Somehow, they always think they know best."

So Tabby marched through the snow into the house, and had got nicely warm, while Emma was reading one of her "Little Prudy" books. As soon as it was finished, she spied her, and down she went on the rug beside her and began to pull her tail softly, — then a little harder. Tabby growled a little louder, and in a lower key than before.

It was just then that her mamma spoke.

"Oh, no, mamma! I'm only funning with her."

"But Tabby doesn't like to have her tail pulled, you know; and I'm afraid you'll get hurt. Let her have a good nice doze now, and come wind this silk for me."

"Yes, in a minute, mamma. I'm quite sure she won't hurt me. I'm *very sure* of it," and down went the rosy cheeks close to the old cat's face.

Tabby had shut her eyes, and was purring very loudly, as if determined to get another nap, when Emma thought she would just see if she could set her growling again; so she pulled her whiskers.

"Growl-l-l-l!" went Tabby.

"Emma, mamma will not speak again about it. Leave her now, or, if you keep on till she scratches you, you mustn't come to me for pity."

"But, mamma, I'm *very, very sure* Tabby won't do so now, for I walked 'way over to Deacon Clare's for some milk for her this very afternoon," and she gave the whiskers a hard pull this time.

"S-s-s-s-s-spat!" and Tabby had put her sharp claws right into Emma's soft cheek, and so near her eye it was a great wonder it hadn't slipped a little farther and made as ugly a gouge in her pretty blue eye.

"Oh-h-h! Oh-h-h!" screamed Emma. "You've scratched my eye 'way out, I know you have," and the poor child fairly screeched with pain.

"Oh, you mean, ugly, homely, striped ugliness!" and Emma struck at her with all her might. But Tabby arched her back with a decided "I'll give you some more" air.

"Come here and let me see, Emma."

Mrs. Vining looked at it and soon saw that the eye was not hurt, but that the cheek was badly so.

"Go tell Susan to wash off the blood, and you can put some court plaster over it, and it may be well in a week or so."

Emma was astounded to see her mother so cool about it.

"Why, mother! aren't *you* going to fix it for me?"

"What did I say about coming to me for

pity? My little girl needed a lesson, I fear. Go down to Susan. I can't help you now. Remember, I tried to save you from this."

Emma did remember all that day, for the wound smarted and that side of her face looked very funny with such a big plaster.

Tabby didn't come near her till evening.

"Go 'way, you naughty thing."

"Why is she naughty, Emma? She could only do what God has given her full liberty to do, when she is molested. She obeyed the instinct He gave her. But you disobeyed your mamma whom God has given you to look out for you and keep you from danger. Do you see, Emma?"

"But just when I had taken so much pains to get that milk for her. *I* wouldn't have been so mean!"

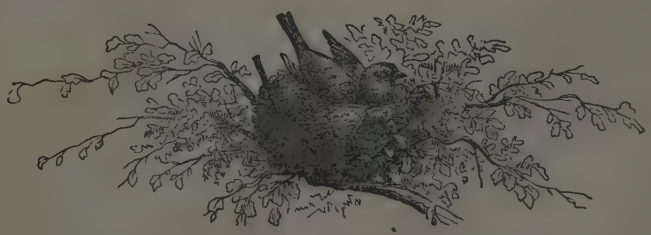
"And just when you were *taking so much pains* to pull her tail and whiskers," laughed Mrs. Vining. "My little girl must learn that old folks know better than young folks."

I think this speech set Tabby to thinking of her unspoken lecture to the mouse, and knowing she was three years older than Emma, she jumped into her lap and rubbed her head on her arm a few minutes, and then they were as good friends as ever.

But Emma doesn't pull her tail now.

Somehow, I couldn't help thinking. There was Pussy first lecturing the nibbling mouse, and declaring she wouldn't treat her master so meanly, and then she walked into the house and lapped the rest of the nice milk Emma had taken so much trouble to get, and soon after it had scratched her terribly.

And then Emma had said she wouldn't have been so mean, when then she had done a great deal worse by her mother than the mouse had by the master, or the cat had by her, because she was made to understand and obey, and her kind mother had warned her quite enough. But she began to believe that "old folks know better than young folks."



LITTLE BIRDIE.

"LITTLE Birdie in your nest,
Dressed out in your very best,
What you thinking of so fine?
How your little eyes do shine!"

"Some, I should not dare to tell
What the thoughts my bosom swell;
Though *you* look so sweet and kind,
I'll not tell you *all* my mind.

"Four little eggs are under me,
Prettier you will never see;
Warm I keep them night and day,
Loving dearly here to stay.

"Not for eggs though do I care,
But for something hidden there;
Some bright day I'll let you see
Why so happy I can be!"

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

THE appeal of this noble institution for aid has been very favorably received. The Easter offerings already handed in amount to *six thousand dollars*. Sunday schools, societies, and individuals have shown their interest in this Christian work.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 27, the *twenty-fifth anniversary* of the Mission will be held. It is proposed to make it a grand occasion.

This "Mission" is one of children to the children of the destitute. It is the children, then, who should be most interested; and the anniversary occasion should be especially for them. Let there be a large delegation present from every Unitarian Sunday school in Boston and its vicinity.

What a grand time it will be! A church crowded with children to rejoice in the great success of an enterprise started twenty-five years ago by the children of our Sunday schools; to hear of the good work that has been accomplished; and to help on the good work for time to come! Shall it be so?

Let our young readers in the schools interested take the matter in hand, and bring about the largest and most enthusiastic meeting of the friends of the "Mission" that has ever been known.

For The Dayspring.

DOLLY DIMPLE.

LITTLE DOLLY DIMPLE sat down in a chair,
With a nice sweet orange and a juicy pear;
In mamma's best rocker little Dolly sat,
Watching sharp her treasures, — playing sick at that.

Selfish little Dolly would not give away
Just a taste of orange to her sister May.
"Oranges are made for girls who have a cold,"
Said this selfish Dolly, only six years old.

Little Dolly Dimple said to Baby Will,
"You must not eat orange, it will make you ill;
Pears are very knurly, — look at this and see, —
Very bad for babies, but will do for me.

Don't you know the story of a boy named Ned,
Who ate half an orange when he went to bed,
And he had the toothache all the live-long night?
So will you have, Willie, if you take a bite."

Selfish little Dolly keeps her orange still,
Will not give a morsel to little May or Will;
And her pear she watches carefully each day, —
Presently she'll find it spoiling by decay.

She may keep her orange and her juicy pear;
When she finds them spoiling nobody will care.
Nobody will love her: it is surely true
All should share with others, — that's the way to do.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

For The Dayspring.

WALTER'S SAVINGS-BANK.

WALTER MASON is a poor boy. Most of his time, when not in school, is spent helping his mother, bringing water and wood, or taking care of the younger children.

Occasionally a kind neighbor will send him on an errand or give him a light job, which Walter executes to the best of his ability, and carries the pennies he receives directly to his mother, never reserving one for himself.

"I wouldn't do that," says little Arthur by my side: "if I earned the money, I'd have the pleasure of spending it."

"No doubt you would," I reply, "but Walter does not think so. He is happier helping his mother. Every night he looks over his treasures in his savings-bank."

"But how is that?" asks Arthur. "If he is poor as you say, I shouldn't think he'd have any money in the bank. Does his mother put it in for him? Of course she must," he continued, "all that he earns, and perhaps more. Isn't it so?"

"No, indeed not. Glad as his mother would be to do so, she is obliged to spend all the money she can get, paying for food, clothing, rent, fuel, lights, and so forth. Not a cent can she lay up in the bank for Walter or herself, and very thankful is she that none of the children suffer from cold or hunger."

"Then somebody must have left it to him," said Arthur.

We'll see about that. One day while I was with Mrs. Mason, Walter came in, his face glowing with pleasure. "O mother!" he said, giving her some five-cent pieces, "I've been to salt Mr. Foster's sheep, and I do believe the poor things love me as well as if I was their owner. They will run to me quick as I call, rear up beside me, nibble my fingers, and eat out of my dish. I shall have to double my stock in the bank on their account."

"Your stock in the bank?" I asked inquiringly, after Walter had written down something in his book. "Why, yes," he explained, "I value the love of animals at so many cents, so much for one animal, so much for another; and write it down in what I call my bank book as so much stock. I put down something for all that love me, cat, dog, horse, cow, sheep, pig, and chickens. Then my schoolmates and friends, brother, sisters, and mother! why, I can't express their value in money, so I only write their names. See, my book is pretty large and pretty full too. I don't feel very poor when I look it over, I can tell you."

"I should think not," I replied; "but don't you find some boys whom you cannot write down as friends?"

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully. "There is Charlie Herbert. I haven't got his name yet, and sometimes he talks real hard too, calling me a 'barefoot ragamuffin,' and such names; but I'll fetch him yet."

"How will you do it?"

"Oh, easily enough! Some day, when I have a chance, I'll do him a good turn, and then I'll do another and another. That's the way, mother says always return good for evil."

"A very good way too."

"Now how do you make friends of the dumb animals?"

"There is nothing easier," he answered. "Somehow I don't need to make any exertion to win them to me. I never tease or hurt them, and in a little while they come right to me. I should feel bad if Mr. Foster's sheep were afraid of me as they be of Charlie. They run from him as if it was a strange dog coming."

"Wonder how big a bank account I could make out?" said Arthur, musingly.

While he is thinking, little reader, will not you, too, see how much of this kind of bank-stock you possess? A. A. B.

THE LITTLE ROBIN.

As I sat at my window this evening,
A robin came flying along;
Then he hopped and he twittered, — then chirping
He sang me a beautiful song.
He sat on a rose-bush so slender,
As he poured forth his beautiful lay;
Then another he sang, and sat singing,
As if he intended to stay.

On a sudden, his bright eye discovered
A cord which the rose-bush confined.
"Oh, ho!" thought the robin, "what fortune!
How nicely my nest will be lined!
This cord is now just what I wanted,
To put in my dear little nest.
I will see if I cannot untie it,
Or break it, — yes, that would be best."

And he fluttered, then worked away bravely;
But finding he did not succeed,
He sang a sweet song for a moment,
Then worked away bravely indeed.

He pulled again, never despairing,
Then rested once more from his work,
Then at it again he went strongly,
And broke it at last with a jerk.

Then off to the fir-tree so shady
My robin flew swiftly away,
And deposited safely his treasure
With some small bits of straw and of hay;
Then back again came the dear robin,
He quickly came flying along,
And again on the rose-bush sat lightly,
And sang me another sweet song.

Now think of this robin, dear children,
When something perplexes, I pray;
Stop and sing a sweet song for a moment,
And the trouble will vanish away.
Persevere in your least undertaking,
As this dear little robin to-night;
Be patient, be cheerful, dear children,
And your duties will seem very light.

Selected.

A NOBLE ART.

ONCE I remembered among my friends a lady who had known many afflictions, cares, and heart-griefs, and yet whose brightness of demeanor and cheerfulness were unflagging, whose very presence was a sunbeam. This lady talked often of her art. When praised for any striking course of action, she would reply, with a touching simplicity, "Yes: I learned that from my art."

As a child, I often wondered what this art could be. Growing older, I set myself to find out. It was not the art of music, passionately fond as she was of that divine art, and on so lofty a pedestal as she placed it; for, being somewhat at home within its magic realms myself, I knew that she was not sufficiently skilled therein to designate it as her own. Nor was it the art of painting, nor yet of sculpture.

"Miss Margaret," I inquired one day, "what is your art?"

A sweet smile flitted across her face as she touchingly asked, for reply, "And have I so poorly exemplified it, all these years, that you need ask?"

"I am sure now," cried I, "that it is after all what has often suggested itself to my mind: 'the art of making the most of life.'"

"You are right," she answered, very well pleased; "and this I consider the greatest of arts: all others are sent to earth to aid us in perfecting it." — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

BED-TIME.

"LET me play a little longer,
Mother dear!
Let me stay a little longer,
'Tis so pleasant here!"
Pleads the child, when mother warns him
Bed-time's drawing near.

So the old man, frail and feeble,
When the call of Mother Nature
Warns him it is time to go,
Lifts his eyes and pleads, "O Father!
Let me stay a little longer,
'Tis so pleasant here below!"

"But, my child," the mother answers,
"You must go to sleep to-night,
Else you cannot wake to-morrow
To enjoy the morning light!"
So the Heavenly Father answers:
"By the sleep of death new-born,
Dear old child, thus only thou canst
Wake to Heaven's eternal morn!"

C. J. B.

HUMOROUS.

A SMALL boy arose at a Sunday-school concert and began quite glibly, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell — and fell —" Here his memory began to fail him. "And — and — fell by

the roadside, and the thorns sprang up and choked him."

A physician was walking along a road in the country one day. He met an old man who had a large bottle of whiskey sticking out of his coat-pocket.

"Is this the way to the poor-house, sir?" the old man asked, pointing in the direction in which he was walking.

"No, sir," answered the physician, "but this is," laying his hand on the bottle of whiskey. That doctor was both witty and wise.

There was a bishop in Dublin who engaged a painter to make a large picture for the Cathedral. The subject chosen was the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. After a time the picture was completed, and hung in the Cathedral, covered by a heavy curtain, and a great crowd of people assembled to see it unveiled. All faces were turned in expectation to the curtain. But lo! when it was drawn aside, nothing could be seen but a vast expanse of water. In a great rage, the bishop turned to the artist and exclaimed: "I thought I asked you to paint a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea!" "True for you, that's just it," said the painter. "But where are the Israelites?" asked the indignant bishop. "They're gone over," said the painter. "Well, but where are the Egyptians?" "They're gone under!"

Puzzles.

13.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Who reads the Scripture knows that I
Was troubled, anxious, — Jesus nigh.

As deadly now, my bite, I ween,
As 'twas in days of Egypt's queen.

O'er land and sea I love to roam,
And make the wide, wide world my home.

Most useful I, in arid lands,
To carry burdens o'er the sands.

A home am I to men at large,
If they can only pay my charge.

Find these: before you will appear
Two parts of every circling year.

14.

SQUARE WORD.

My first is a fine forest tree;
My second as white as can be;
Every summer my third are in bloom;
My fourth in cathedrals is said;
My fifth comes in boxes of lead.

T. L. F.

15.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

First, *help* others; second, *work* for others; third, *live* for others; fourth, *suffer* for others. Take the right letter from each of these four words, and read what will enable you to do as above directed.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

10. — C oco A
A ra B
I o E
N umskul L

Cain, Abel.

11. — Snowdrop.

12. — Church.

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.